THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

1606 | 1938.

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Alexander Pope, Esq;

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

Together with all his

NOTES.

LONDON:
Printed for S. CROWDER, C. WARE, and T. PAYNE.
M.DCC.LXX.

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PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem to fancy that the world muſt approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to pleaſe them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no ſingle man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the reſt; ſo, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleaſure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly paſſed upon Poems. A Critic ſuppoſes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any error? For as long as one ſide will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments *.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet ſure, upon the whole, a bad Author deſerves

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one ſide deſpiſes a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be ſatisfied with a moderate approbation,*—But the Author altered it, as theſe words were rather a conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than the concluſion itſelf, which is now inſerted.

better uſage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the faults of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf, from a ſtrong inclination: and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them, but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well-bred to ſhock them with a truth, which generally their Bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents; and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the world; and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us, from what we do at that ſeaſon, when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope

he may pleaſe the world, he falls under very unlucky circumſtances: for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth than if he were a Prince or a Beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of ſenſe) his living thus in a courſe of flattery may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will conſequently have ſo much diffidence as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery; and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people, who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and theſe (to a man) will hate, or ſuſpect him; a hundred honeſt gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satyriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it (any way) one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs

concerned about Fame, than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when, methinks, I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore; ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe Triſles by Prefaces, biaſſed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author; I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected becauſe it was as pleaſant to me as to write; and I publiſhed becauſe I was told I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt. But I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo: for they have always fallen ſhort not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They conſtantly applied themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for Poſterity. If we can pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: though, if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill ly under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope is but to be read in one iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true,

that in every age the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Ancients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreaſonable that people ſhould expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reaſon theſe pieces are not more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they and I have to live: One may be aſhamed to conſume half one's days in bringing ſenſe and rhyme together; and what Critic can be ſo unreaſonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more ſerious employment, or more agreeable amuſement?

The only plea I ſhall uſe for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a reſpect for it, as moſt authors have for themſelves; and that I have ſacrificed much of my own ſelf-love for its ſake, in preventing not only many mean things from ſeeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like thoſe Authors who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole Poem, and, *vice verſa*, a whole Poem for the ſake of ſome particular lines. I believe no one qualification is ſo likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it muſt be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publiſhed, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deſerve to be praiſed. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in

this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation of ſo many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miſcellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time ſhall make it the former, may theſe Poems, as long as they laſt, remain as a teſtimony that their Author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that it is what no man can do without good ſenſe, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my remains, I deſire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes; without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth which Time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing, as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may then be conſidered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty: ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a caſe of compaſſion; that I was never ſo concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it

would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended; that I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill-language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his Morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a *memento mori* to ſome of my vain cotemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

VARIATIONS *in the Author's Manuſcript Preface.*

AFTER page 15. l. 34. it followed thus—For my part, I confeſs had I ſeen things in this view, at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency; but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf, as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place, I thank God and Nature that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædit.)* 'Tis a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are *amicæ omnium*

borarum; and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of ſelf-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I can't but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever. Many trials, and ſad experience have ſo undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame, I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct; beſides that it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 17. l. 13. In the firſt place, I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon why they are not yet more correct is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables, and bringing ſenſe and rhyme together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleaſing the Critics.

On Mr POPE and his POEMS,

By HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and buſineſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Eaſe requir'd;
Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's ſport,
And from the Critics ſafe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous Rovers of the Pen;
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and even Homer blam'd!
But to this Genius join'd with ſo much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good Companion and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all deſert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praiſe.

To Mr POPE, on his PASTORALS.

IN theſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.

Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrength'ning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound:
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts and lively images;
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great mens faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral;
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall.
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe
Should wear thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms and native excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
'Till by mens envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.

Live and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight:
So Larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr POPE, on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
No ſweeter notes the echoing Foreſts chear,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:

A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe Atlantic ſhores,
And ſhelter me in Windſor's fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much-lov'd Iſis' walk convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where ſacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Not free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd Windſor in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That Maro taught, or Addiſon inſpir'd.

Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring!
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander thro' the field or plain;
Led by thy Muſe, from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the ſtutt'ring Pheaſant ly!
His gaudy robes in dazling lines appear,
And ev'ry feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the gen'rous courſer by,
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe Lodona's melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The Tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The Nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old Thames! forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n Britons more
Than all their ſhouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur, and enrich the iſle;
A while diſtinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAP.

To Mr Pope.

In imitation of a *Greek* Epigram on Homer.

WHEN Phœbus and the nine harmonious Maids
Of old aſſembled in the Theſpian ſhades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; "Your loftieſt notes employ,
"To ſing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
The wond'rous ſong with rapture they rehearſe;
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe?
He anſwer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
"A truth that Envy bids me not conceal:
"Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
"I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
"Which, unobſerv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind
"Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
"And, fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
"From me, the God of Wit, uſurp'd the bays.
"But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
"Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
"Yet when my Arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
"And the white Iſle with female power is bleſt;
"Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
"And the Tranſlator's Palm to me transfer.
"With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
"The world will think his *Engliſh Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

To Mr Pope.

TO praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to ſhow, the Senſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require!
What muſic tune them, what affection fire!

O might thy Genius in my boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame
Whom Windſor-Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream:
On ſilver feet, with annual Oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by the Muſe the envy of the fair!
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Egypt's princes wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims deſcend for Gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The Graces ſtand in ſight; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits;
And ſits in meaſures ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the prize!
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head:
Still ſlide thy waters, ſoft among the trees
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil ſing.

In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the Majeſty of Greek retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, *The mines were here:*
Should ſome rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected, flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſic varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
While Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt, o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread,
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound;
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Eaſe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, when POPE ſupplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

T. PARNELL.

To Mr POPE.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals, ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which Worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead,
Shakeſpear rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire!

This you beheld; and, taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears;
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores,
Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long that Hero *, by unſkilful hands,
Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire;

* Odyſſey, lib. 16.

So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—for thy Friendſhip's Fame.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing.
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend:
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men, more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. POPE,

On the publiſhing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads;
Firſt gives the Palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a God.
But hark! what ſhouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Proſtitutes, or needy Flatt'rers ſue.
And ſee the Chief! before him laurels born;
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,

Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.
But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The Graces theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.
The Chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
The Pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)
Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr Pope.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd, our drooping Genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The dark'ned age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient Wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From Tyrants, and from Prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty.

Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where cheer'd with ſummer rays
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of Fate:
Not that Barbarian hands her Faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her Cities deſert, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That ſacred Wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.
Illuſtrious Names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who thoſe Chiefs ſublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With Ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form ariſe:
Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his Maſter bear:
Great Bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler Bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the taſk, to raiſe
A laſting Column to thy Country's praiſe;
To ſing the land, which yet alone can boaſt
That Liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the Olive's ſhade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
Such was the people whoſe exploits I ſung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntleſs oppoſers of Tyrannic Sway,
But pleas'd a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live;
Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praiſe.

GEORGE LYTTLETON.

PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year M.DCC.IV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius! *Virg.*

A

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY*.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of Verſes, than of thoſe which are called *Paſtorals*, nor a ſmaller, than of thoſe which are truly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome account of this kind of Poem; and it is my deſign to compriſe, in this ſhort paper, the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous diſſertations the Critics have made on the ſubject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour: you will alſo find ſome points reconciled, about which they ſeem to differ, and a few Remarks which, I think, have eſcaped their obſervation.

The original of Poetry is aſcribed to that age which ſucceeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of mankind, the moſt ancient ſort of poetry was probably *Paſtoral*†. It is natural to imagine, that the leiſure of thoſe ancient ſhepherds admitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary and ſedentary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was

* Written at ſixteen years of age.

† Fontenelle's Diſcourſe on Paſtorals.

invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets choſe to introduce their Perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A Paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or one conſidered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both *; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners, thoughts and expreſſions are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem conſiſts in ſimplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an Eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be uſeful to take this idea along with us, that Paſtoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age: ſo that we are not to deſcribe our ſhepherds as ſhepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the beſt of men followed the employment. To carry this reſemblance yet further, it would not be amiſs to give theſe ſhepherds ſome ſkill in aſtronomy, as far as it may be uſeful to that ſort of life; and an air of piety to the gods ſhould ſhine

* Heinſius in Theocr. † Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p. 2.

through the Poem, which ſo viſibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preſerve ſome reliſh of the old way of writing: the connection ſhould be looſe, the narrations and deſcriptions ſhort **, and the periods conciſe: yet it is not ſufficient that the ſentences only be brief; the whole Eclogue ſhould be ſo too: for we cannot ſuppoſe Poetry in thoſe days to have been the buſineſs of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with reſpect to the preſent age, nothing more conduces to make theſe compoſures natural, than when ſome knowledge in rural affairs is diſcovered †. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on deſign, and ſometimes is beſt ſhewn by inference; leſt by too much ſtudy to ſeem natural, we deſtroy that eaſy ſimplicity from whence ariſes the delight: for what is inviting in this ſort of poetry proceeds not ſo much from the idea of that buſineſs, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We muſt therefore uſe ſome illuſion to render a paſtoral delightful; and this conſiſts in expoſing the beſt ſide only of a ſhepherd's life, and in concealing its miſeries ‡. Nor is it enough to introduce ſhepherds diſcourſing together in a natural way; but a regard muſt be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſigned ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety *. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of

** Rapin, Reflex. ſur l'Art Poet. d'Ariſt. p. 2. Refl. xxvii.
† Pref. to Virg. Paſt. in Dryd. Virg.
‡ Fontenelle's Diſc. of Paſtorals.
* See the forementioned Preface.

the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a litle on circumſtances; and, laſtly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, though they are properly of the heroic meaſure, they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like theſe that we ought to judge of Paſtoral. And ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they muſt of neceſſity be derived from thoſe in whom it is acknowledged ſo to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undiſputed authors of paſtoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excells all others in nature and ſimplicity. The ſubjects of his Idyllia are purely paſtoral; but he is not ſo exact in his perſons, having introduced reapers * and fiſhermen as well as ſhepherds. He is apt to be too long in his deſcriptions, of which that of the Cup, in the firſt Paſtoral, is a remarkable inſtance. In the manners he ſeems a little defective, for his ſwains are ſometimes abuſive and immodeſt, and perhaps too much inclining to ruſticity; for inſtance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his dialect alone has a ſecret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much ſuperior to his

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a ſtranger to †. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity and propriety of ſtyle; the firſt of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have endeavoured to make theſe ancients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable Genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo, in his Aminta, has as far excelled all the paſtoral writers, as in his Gieruſalemme he has outdone the Epic poets of his country: but as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the ancients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation his produced ever ſince the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points: his Eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients: he is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as the Mantuan had done before him: he has employed the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets: his ſtanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough: for the Tetraſtic hath obliged him to extend

† Rapin Refl. on Ariſt. part ii. Refl. xxvii. —— Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; though, notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the Old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the general moral of Innocence and Simplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human life to the ſeveral Seaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it; whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the

Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Paſtoral; that they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spenſer's; that in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerved, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of the day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of men, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old Authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING:

THE

FIRST PASTORAL.

OR,

DAMON.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in theſe fields, I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;
Let vernal airs through trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.
You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,

NOTES.

Theſe Paſtorals were written at the age of ſixteen, and then paſſed through the hands of Mr Walſh, Mr Wycherly, G. Granville, afterwards Lord Landſdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr Mainwaring, and others. All theſe gave our Author the greateſt encouragement, and particularly Mr Walſh, whom Mr Dryden, in his poſtſcript to Virgil, calls the beſt critic of his age. "The Author (ſays he) ſeems to have a particular genius "for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much ex- "ceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the An- "cients; but what he has mixed of his own with theirs is "no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is "not flattery at all to ſay, that Virgil had written nothing "ſo good at his age. His preface is very judicious and

And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,

NOTES.

"learned." *Letter to Mr Wycherly, April* 1705. The Lord Landſdown, about the ſame time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, ſays (in a printed letter of the character of Mr Wycherly) "That if he goes on as he has begun in his "Paſtoral way, as Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we may "hope to ſee Engliſh Poetry vie with the Roman," *&c.* Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for his labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs was, doubtleſs, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe: whereas that of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fulneſs of both. In a letter of his to Mr Walſh, about this time, we find an enumeration of ſeveral niceties in verſification, which perhaps have never been ſtrictly obſerved in any Engliſh Poem, except in theſe Paſtorals. They were not printed till 1709.

Sir *William Trumbal.*] Our Author's friendſhip with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under ſixteen, but Sir William above ſixty, and had lately reſigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.

℣. 12. —*in your native ſhades.*] Sir William Trumbal was born in Windſor-foreſt, to which he retired, after he had reſigned the poſt of Secretary of State to K. William III. P.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 17, *&c.*] The ſcene of this Paſtoral a valley; the time the morning. It ſtood originally thus:

Daphnis and Strephon to the ſhades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muſe inſpir'd,

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Daph. Hear how the birds on every bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

Streph. Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.

VARIATIONS.

Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 1. Prima Syracuſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,
Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Paſtorals, in imitation of the ſixth of Virgil, which ſome have therefore not improbably thought to have been the firſt originally. In the beginnings of the other three Paſtorals, he imitates expreſsly thoſe which now ſtand firſt of the three chief Poets in this kind, Spenſer, Virgil, Theocritus.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)——.
Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading beach diſplays,——
Thyrſis, the Muſic of the murm'ring Spring,——

are manifeſtly imitations of

——A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)
——Tityre, tu patulae recubans ſub tegmine fagi.
——Ἄδυ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα χ ἀ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα.

I'll ſtake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.
Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order ly?
Dam. Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring;
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.
Streph. Inſpire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays:
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.
Daph. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;

VARIATIONS.

℣. 34. The firſt reading was
And his own image from the bank ſurveys.
℣. 36. And cluſters lurk beneath the curling vines;

IMITATIONS.

℣. 35, 36. Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis,
Diffuſos edera veſtit pallente corymbos. *Virg.*
℣. 38. *The various ſeaſons.*] The ſubject of theſe Paſtorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's heſitation at the name of the zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,
Et quis fuit alter,
Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?
℣. 41. *Then ſing by turns.*] Literally from Virgil,
Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camoenae:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent ſylvae, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.
℣. 47. *A milk-white bull.*] Virg.—Paſcite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam ſpargat arenam.

No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen:
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

Streph. O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;

NOTES.

℣. 46. —*Granville.*] George Granville, afterwards Lord Landſdown, known for his poems, moſt of which he compoſed very young, and propoſed Waller as his model. P.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian ſtone thy ſtatue will I raiſe;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian ſtatue ſhall be chang'd to gold.

℣. 61. It ſtood thus at firſt:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boaſt,
Her purple wool the proud Aſſyrian coaſt,
Bleſt Thames's ſhores, *&c.*

℣. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties ſhow:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How ſoon the brighteſt beauties are decay'd.

Daph. Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods ſo long!
Of Amaryllis learn a ſweeter ſong:
To Heav'n ariſing then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy ſuch a lay.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil.

Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices, ſed ſe cupit ante videri.

Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.
Daph. Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windſor ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor ſhade.
Streph. All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
Huſh'd are the birds, and cloſ'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.
Daph. All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The ſun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd Nature ſeems to charm no more.
Streph. In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
Daph. Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day:
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But bleſs'd with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.
Streph. Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
A wond'rous Tree, that ſacred Monarchs bears?

VARIATIONS.

℣. 69, *&c.*] Theſe verſes were thus at firſt:

All Nature mourns, the birds their ſongs deny,
Nor waſted brooks the thirſty flowers ſupply;
If Delia ſmile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 69. *All nature mourns.*]

Aret ager, vitio moriens ſitit aeris herba, *&c.*
Phyllidis adventu noſtrae nemus omne virebit. *Virg.*

Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.
Daph. Nay, tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:
And then a noble prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, ſhall be thine.
Dam. Ceaſe to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bleſt Swains, whoſe Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

NOTES.

℣. 86. *A wond'rous Tree, that ſacred Monarchs bears.*] An alluſion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the purſuit after the battle of Worceſter.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties ſhall be ſpread,
And trees with twining branches ſhade your head.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 90. *The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields.*] Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs; the Thiſtle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of thoſe in Virgil, Eclogue iii.

Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcantur Flores, et Phyllida ſolus habeto.

SUMMER:

THE

SECOND PASTORAL.

OR,

ALEXIS.

To Dr GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreames forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naïeds wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.

NOTES.

℣. 3. The Scene of this Paſtoral by the river's ſide, ſuitable to the heat of the ſeaſon; the time Noon.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the firſt edition:
A faithful ſwain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his fate beſide a ſilver ſpring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant foreſts, and thro' flow'ry meads.

℣. 3. Originally thus in the MS.
There to the winds he plain'd his hapleſs love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleeting ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?

NOTES.

℣. 9. Dr Samuel Garth, author of the Diſpenſary, was one of the firſt friends of the Author, whoſe acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendſhip continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

℣. 16. *The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echoes ring.*] Is a line out of Spenſer's Epithalamion.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 8. *And Jove conſented.*]
Jupiter et laeto deſcendit pluribus imbri. *Virg.*

℣. 15. *Nor to the deaf I ſing.*]
Non canimus ſurdis, reſpondent omnia ſylvae. *Virg.*

℣. 23. *Where ſtray ye, Muſes,* &c.]
Quae nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellae
Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.
Virg. out of Theocr.

As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eye no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks or richer fleeces ſheer:
But nigh yon' mountains let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He ſaid, Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!

NOTES.

℣. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenſer in his Eclogues, where his miſtreſs is celebrated under that of Roſalinda.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 27. Oft in the cryſtal ſpring I caſt a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glaſs be true;
But ſince thoſe graces meet my eyes no more,
I ſhun, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

℣. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
——nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare; non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, ſi nunquam fallat imago.

℣. 40. ——*bequeath'd in death, &c.*] Virgil, Eclogue ii.
Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis
Fiſtula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum.

Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng;
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking every cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring:
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt-ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.

IMITATIONS.

ỳ. 60. *Deſcending gods have found Elyſium here.*]
Habitarunt Di quoque ſylvas——Ecl. ii.
Et formoſus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Ecl. x.

Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhall dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To cool the ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiereer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 79, 80. Your praiſe the tuneful birds to heav'n ſhall bear,
And liſt'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verſes were originally written; but the Author, young as he was, ſoon found the abſurdity which Spenſer himſelf overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

℣. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 80. *And winds ſhall waft*, &c.]

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures! Ecl. iii.

℣. 88. *Ye gods*, &c.]

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adſit amori? Ecl. ii.

AUTUMN:

THE

THIRD PASTORAL.

OR,

HYLAS and ÆGON.

To Mr WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading beach diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe honour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms,

NOTES.

This Paſtoral conſiſts of two parts, like the eighth of Virgil: The Scene a Hill; the time at Sun-ſet.

℣. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine.*] Mr Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies; of which the moſt celebrated were the Plain Dealer and Country Wife. He was a writer of infinite ſpirit, ſatire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the ſame way by Mr Congreve, though with a little more correctneſs.

Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of ſwains,
Their artleſs paſſion, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong:
For her, the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die,
Ye flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay:
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe!
Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong.

IMITATIONS.

V. 37. ——Aurea durae
Mala ferant quercus; narciſſo floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus ſudent electra myricae. *Vir.* Ecl. viii.

The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleaſing frenzy ſoothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!

Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat:
While curling ſmoaks from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal ſnow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldneſs but in Thyrſis' heart.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 43, &c.] Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine, quale per aeſtum
Dulcis aquae ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
Virg. Eclogue v.

℣. 52. An qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt? *Idem* viii.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſs'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt gods! ſhall all things yield returns but Love?

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep?
Pan came, and aſk'd, What magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in Love!

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world,—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed,
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!

IMITATIONS.

℣. 82. *Or what ill eyes.*]
Neſcio quis teneros oculos mihi faſcinat agnos.
℣. 89. Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor; duris in cotibus illum, *&c.*

One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.

WINTER:

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR,

DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS! the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring,
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing:
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.

NOTES.

Winter.] This was the Author's favourite Paſtoral.

Mrs Tempeſt.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkſhire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr Walſh, who, having celebrated her in a Paſtoral Elegy, deſired his friend to do the ſame, as appears from one of his letters, dated September 9, 1706. "Your laſt Eclogue "being on the ſame ſubject with mine on Mrs Tempeſt's "death, I ſhould take it very kindly in you to give it a "little turn, as if it were to the memory of the ſame Lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great ſtorm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The Scene of the Paſtoral lyes in a Grove, the time at M idnight.

IMITATIONS.

V. 1. *Thyrſis! the muſic*, &c.] Ἀδὺ τι, &c. Theocr. Idyl. i.

Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces ly,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

Thyr. Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

Thyr. Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring;
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring.
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone;
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more.
'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!

VARIATIONS.

℣. 29. Originally thus in the MS.
'Tis done, and Nature's chang'd ſince you are gone;
Behold the clouds have *put their mourning on.*

IMITATIONS.

℣. 13. *Thames heard*, &c.]
Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros. *Virg.*

℣. 23, 24, 25.] Inducite fontibus umbras——
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen. *Ib.*

Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flow'ry glories ly;
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!

No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephers, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall, liſt'ning in mid air, ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or, huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more!

Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood:

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees, and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

Lyc. How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 83. Originally thus in the MS.
While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end.*

IMITATIONS.

℣. 69, 70. ——miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis. *Virg.*

℣. 81. ——illius aram
Saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuit agnus. *Virg.*

℣. 86. ——solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra. *Virg.*

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams and groves;
Adieu, ye ſhepherds, rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye ſylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

NOTES.

℣. 89, &c.] Theſe four laſt lines allude to the ſeveral ſubjects of the four Paſtorals, and to the ſeveral ſcenes of them particularized before in each.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 88. *Time conquers all*, &c.]
Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.
Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenſer's Calendar.

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading ſeveral paſſages of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, which foretell the coming of CHRIST, and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this Imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiſed them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation.

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

IMITATIONS.

℣. 8. *A Virgin ſhall conceive—All crimes ſhall ceaſe*, &c.] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. ℣. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is ſent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain, ſhall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father."

Iſaiah, ch. vii. ℣. 14. "Behold a virgin ſhall conceive and bear a ſon.—Chap. ix. ℣. 6, 7. Unto us a child is born, unto us a ſon is given, the Prince of Peace, of the increaſe of his government, and of his peace, there ſhall be no end; upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to ſtabliſh it, with judgment and with juſtice, for ever and ever."

From * Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies;
Th' Æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye † Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ‡ ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning ‖ Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe! be born.
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See § lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *See Nature haſtes*, &c.] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho——
Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O Child, ſhall the earth, without being tilled, "produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with "baccar and Colocaſia, with ſmiling acanthus. Thy cradle "ſhall pour forth pleaſing flowers about thee."

Iſaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. "The wilderneſs and the ſo- "litary place ſhall be glad, and the deſert ſhall rejoice and "bloſſom as the roſe." Chap. xl. ver. 13. "The glory of "Lebanon ſhall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, "and the box together, to beautify the place of thy ſanc- "tuary."

* Ch. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
‖ Ch. ix. ver. 7. §. Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert chears;
Prepare the way *! a God, a God appears:
A God, A God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes by ancient bards foretold:
Hear † him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:

IMITATIONS.

ỳ. 29. *Hark! a glad voice*, &c.] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum——
Ipſi laetitia voces ad ſydera jactant
Intonſi montes, ipſae jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca?

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time "draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great en-"creaſe of Jove! The uncultivated mountains ſend ſhouts "of joy to the ſtars, the very rocks ſing in verſe, the very "ſhrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

Iſaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth "in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make "ſtraight in the deſert a high way for our God! Every "valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall "be made low, and the crooked ſhall be made ſtraight, "and the rough places plain." Ch. iv. ver. 23. "Break "forth into ſinging, ye mountains! O foreſt, and every tree "therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Iſrael."

* Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. † Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In * adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good † shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father ‡ of the future age,
No more shall || nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful § son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren ** deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

IMITATIONS.

℣. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripened years, and the

* Chap. xxv. ver. 8. † Chap. xl. ver. 11. ‡ Chap. ix. ver. 6. || Chap. ii. ver. 4. § Chap. lxv. ver. 21, 22. ** Chap. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte * ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ry palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The † lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ‡ ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

IMITATIONS.

"red grape ſhall hang upon the wild brambles, and the "hard oaks ſhall diſtil honey like dew."

Iſaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground ſhall "become a pool, and the thirſty land ſprings of water: in "the habitations where dragons lay, ſhall be graſs, and "reeds, and ruſhes." Chap. lv. ver. 13. "Inſtead of the "thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and inſtead of the briar, "ſhall come up the myrtle tree."

℣. 77. *The lambs with wolves*, &c.]

Virgil. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipſae lacte domum referent diſtenta capellae
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones——
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.——

"The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſtended "with milk; nor ſhall the herds be afraid of the greateſt "lions. The ſerpent ſhall die, and the herb that conceals "poiſon ſhall die."

Iſaiah, chap. xi. ver. 6, &c. "The wolf ſhall dwell with "the lamb, and the leopard ſhall ly down with the kid, "and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling toge-"ther; and a little child ſhall lead them.——And the lion

* Chap. xli. ver. 19. and chap. lv. ver. 13. † Chap. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. ‡ Chap. lxv. ver. 25.

The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long † race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan || ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

IMITATIONS.

"ſhall eat ſtraw like the ox. And the ſucking child ſhall "play on the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall "put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.

℣. 85. *Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!*] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt part of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro ſaeclorum naſcitur ordo!
—toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menſes!
Aſpice, venturo laetentur ut omnia ſaeclo! *&c.*

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah, here cited.

* Chap. lx. ver. 1. † Chap. lx. ver. 4. ‡ Chap lx. ver. 3. || Chap. lx. ver. 6.

No more the riſing * ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The † ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

* Chap. lx. ver. 19, 20. † Chap. li. ver. 6. and chap. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injuſſa cano: te noſtrae, *Vare*, myricae,
Te *Nemus* omne canet: nec Phoebo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quae *Vari* praeſcripſit pagina nomen.

Virg.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſes' ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
What Muſe for GRANVILLE can refuſe to ſing? 6

The Groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not Chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd;
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the firſt part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the Paſtorals; the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 3, *&c.* Originally thus,

Chaſte goddeſs of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your ſprings——

IMITATIONS.

℣. 6. ——neget quis carmina Gallo? *Virg.*

Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the bluiſh hills aſcend.
Even the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert, fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants; nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' Gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand:
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 25. Originally thus;

Why ſhould I ſing our better ſuns or air,
Whoſe vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While thro' freſh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or ſpread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves.)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And even the elements a Tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain;
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain:
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain,
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive tyrants bled;
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.

NOTES.

℣. 45.——*ſavage laws.*] The Foreſt laws.

℣. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd,* &c.] Alluding to the deſtruction made in the New Foreſt, and the tyrannies exerciſed there by William I.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waſte, to dens and caves they ran,
(For who firſt ſtoop'd to be a ſlave was man.)

℣. 57, *&c.* No wonder ſavages or ſubjects ſlain——
But ſubjects ſtarv'd, while ſavages were fed.

It was originally thus: but the word *ſavages* is not properly applied to beaſts but to men; which occaſioned the alteration.

The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately kind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects' cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſts wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains, From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes.*] Tranſlated from

Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,

an old monkiſh writer, I forget who.

℣. 89. Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma. *Virg.*

Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder Autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpanial bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lyes, and meditates the prey;
Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,
Some thoughtleſs Town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near, and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

VARIATIONS.

ỳ. 91. Oh may no more a foreign maſter's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curſe a future age!
Still ſpread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the ſprings.

ỳ. 97. When yellow autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And into wine the purple harveſt bleeds,
The partridge feeding in the new-ſhorn fields,
Both morning ſports and evening pleaſures yields.

ỳ. 107. It ſtood thus in the firſt editions:

Pleas'd, in the Gen'rals ſight, the hoſt ly down
Sudden before ſome unſuſpecting town;
The young, the old, one inſtant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's ſtandard flies.

Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dyes,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,

VARIATIONS.

℣. 126. O'er ruſtling leaves around the naked groves.
℣. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 115. ——nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentum pietas, vel Apollinus infula texit. *Virg.*
℣. 134. Praecipites alta vitam ſub nube relinquunt. *Virg.*

The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouſe the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh through the thickets, down the vallies ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a QUEEN;
Whoſe care, like her's, protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the main.
Here too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

NOTE.

℣. 162. Queen Anne.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 151. *Th' impatient courſer*, &c.] Tranſlated from Statius.

Stare adeo miſerum eſt, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offſpring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone:
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;

IMITATIONS.

℣. 175. Nec poſitu variare comas; ubi fibula veſtem,
Vita coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. *Ovid.*

℣. 185, 188.
Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae,
Ut ſolet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas. *Ibid.*

℣. 193, 196. Sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam
Ante pedes umbram: niſi ſi timor illa videbat.
Sed certe ſonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
"Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' baniſh'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
"My native ſhades—there weep, and murmur there."
She ſaid, and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies,
The wat'ry landſcape of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.

Thou too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear.
Not Neptune's ſelf from all her ſtreams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

NOTES.

℣. 207. *Still bears the name*] The river Lodon.

℣. 211. *Oft in her glaſs*, &c.] Theſe ſix lines were added after the firſt writing of this Poem.

No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves,
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields:
With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the Aromatic ſouls of flow'rs:
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,

VARIATIONS.

℣. 233. It ſtood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover ſtill,
To change Olympus, *&c.*

℣. 235. Happy the man who to the ſhades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muſe inſpires!
Bleſt whom the ſweets of home-felt quiet pleaſe;
But far more bleſt, who ſtudy joins with eaſe.

T' obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd;
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.
Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on COOPER'S HILL.
(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow.)
I ſeem through conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By godlike Poets venerable made:
Here his firſt lays majeſtic DENHAM ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S tongue.

NOTE.

℣. 272. *There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr Cowley died at Chertſey, on the borders of the foreſt, and was from thence conveyed to Weſtminſter.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 267. It ſtood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy ſcenes I rove,
And hear your muſic echoing thro' the grove:
With tranſport viſit each inſpiring ſhade
By godlike Poets venerable made.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 251, 252. Servare modum finemque tenere,
Naturamque ſequi. *Lucr.*

℣. 261. O quis me gelidis, *&c.* *Virg.*

O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.
Since Fate relentleſs ſtop'd their heavenly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades where COWLEY ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE ſings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſt with immortal greens;
Make Windſor-hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.
Here noble SURREY felt the ſacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:

NOTE.

℣. 291. *Here noble Surrey.*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the firſt refiners of the Engliſh poetry, who flouriſhed in the time of Henry VIII.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 275. What ſighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal ſhore?
His tuneful ſwans were heard to ſing no more.

℣. 290. —*her ſilver ſtar.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the Poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the concluſion, were theſe,

My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains;
Where I obſcurely paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe.
Enough for me that to the liſt'ning ſwains
First in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'ſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.

Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, faſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The Grave unites; where even the Great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!

NOTES.

ỳ. 303. *Edward's acts.*] Edward III. born here.
ỳ. 311. *Henry mourn.*] Henry VI.
ỳ. 314. *once-fear'd Edward ſleeps.*] Edward IV.

VARIATIONS.

ỳ. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When Braſs decays, when Trophies ly o'erthrown,
And mould'ring into duſt *drop the proud Bones.*

Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and uninſcrib'd the ſtone)
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion ſhed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great ANNA ſaid — "Let Diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His treſſes drop'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on her banks Auguſta roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood!

VARIATIONS.

℣. 321. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurs'd! Oh ſacrilegious brood,
Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn, what tears has Albion ſhed!
Gods! what new wounds, &c.

℣. 327. Thus in the MS.

'Till Anna roſe and bade the Furies ceaſe;
Let there be peace—ſhe ſaid, and all was Peace.

Between ℣. 330 and 331, originally ſtood theſe lines:

From ſhore to ſhore exulting ſhouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With ſparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave ſhone,
Fictitious ſtars, and glories not her own.
He ſaw, and gently roſe above the ſtream;
His ſhining horns diffuſe a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dreſs'd,
The tributes of the diſtant Eaſt and Weſt.

First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis, and the fruitful Tame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Lodon flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
Hail, ſacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho' Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itſelf tho' ſeven-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.

VARIATION.

ỳ. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boaſt her Tow'rs amidſt the Main,
Where the rough Adrian ſwells and roars in vain;
Here not a Town, but ſpacious Realm ſhall have
A ſure foundation on the rolling wave.'

No more my ſons ſhall dye with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain:
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending Villas on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the chryſtal tide,
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And Temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty nations ſhall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant ſtates be ſeen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.
Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into the floods,
Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!

NOTE.

℣. 378. *And Temples riſe.*] The fifty new churches.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 385, *&c.* were originally thus:

Now ſhall our fleets the bloody Croſs diſplay
To the rich regions of the riſing day,
Or thoſe green iſles, where headlong Titan ſteeps
His hiſſing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy ſeas, &c.

For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when, free as ſeas or wind,
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide:
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths, and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, and colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till Conqueſt ceaſe, and Slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds, ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain!

NOTE.

℣. 398. *Unbounded Thames*, &c.] A wiſh that London may be made a Free Port.

Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light:
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

IMITATIONS.

V. 423. Quo, Muſa, tendis? deſine pervicax
Referre ſermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis. *Hor.*

ODE

ON

ST CECILIA's DAY,

M. DCC. VIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES for MUSIC.

O D E

ODE for MUSIC

ON

St CECILIA's DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies.
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.

If in the breaſt tumultuous joy ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lovers wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main:
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.

Thus Song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bachanals' cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And Fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm;
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

TWO CHORUSES TO THE Tragedy of BRUTUS *.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal ſages taught;
Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtleſs walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes' ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born Siſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

* Altered from Shakeſpeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire theſe two Choruſes were compoſed, to ſupply as many wanting in his play. They were ſet many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe.

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore;
See Arts her ſavage ſons controul,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
'Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still, when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature hath impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend!
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmizes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurpriſes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ODE on SOLITUDE *.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years of age.

The dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

O D E *.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

* This Ode was written in imitation of the famous Sonnet of Hadrian to his departing ſoul. See this Sonnet, Letters to and from Mr Steele, &c. letter 4th.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

Written in the Year M. DCC. IX.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.

NOTE.

An Eſſay.] The Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The firſt (to ver. 201.) lays down rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticiſm;* the ſecond (from thence to ver. 560.) expoſes the *Cauſes of wrong Judgment;* and the third (from thence to the end) marks out the *Morals of the Critic.* When the Reader hath well conſidered the whole, hath obſerved the regularity of the plan, the maſterly conduct of the ſeveral parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compaſs of learning ſo conſpicuous throughout, he ſhould then be told that it was the work of an author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.

Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.

NOTES.

℣. 15. *Let ſuch teach others.*] "Qui ſcribit artificioſe, ab "aliis commode ſcripta facile intelligere poterit." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. "De pictore, ſculptore, fictore, niſi ar- "tifex, judicare non poteſt." *Pliny.*

℣. 20. *Moſt have the ſeeds.*] "Omnes tacito quodam "ſenſu, ſine ulla arte, aut ratione, quae ſint in artibus ac "rationibus recta et prava dijudicant." Cic. de Orat. lib. iii.

℣. 25. *So by falſe learning.*] "Plus ſine doctrina pru- "dentia, quam ſine prudentia valet doctrina." *Quint.*

VARIATIONS.

Between ℣. 25 and 26 were theſe lines, ſince omitted by the Author:

Many are ſpoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reaſon wrong:
Tutors, like Virtuoſo's, oft inclin'd
By ſtrange tranſfuſion to improve the mind,
Draw off the ſenſe we have to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their ſkill, they ne'er could do.

If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at laſt.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit,
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit;
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſervile province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

Firſt follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring NATURE! ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed,
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shews moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd;

NOTE.

℣. 88. *Thoſe rules of old*, &c.] Cicero has beſt explained what that is which reduces the wild and ſcattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*.—"Nihil eſt quod ad artem "redigi poſſit, niſi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem "inſtituere vult, habeat illam ſcientiam, ut ex iis rebus, "quarum ars nondum ſit, artem efficere poſſit.—Omnia fere "quae ſunt concluſa nunc artibus, diſperſa et diſſipata "quondam fuerunt, ut in Muſicis, *&c.* Adhibita eſt igitur "ars quaedam extrinſecus ex alio genere quodam, quod "ſibi totum *Philoſophi* aſſumunt, quae rem diſſolutam di-"vulſamque conglutenaret, et ratione quadam conſtrin-"geret." De Orat. l. i. c. 41, 2.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 80. There are whom Heav'n has bleſt with ſtore of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd;
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters Fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor Time nor Moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some drily plain, without Invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe wou'd ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;

NOTE.

℣. 98. *Juſt precepts.*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum "eſt ut argumenta inveniremus, ſed dicta ſunt omnia ante- "quam praeciperentur; mox ea ſcriptores obſervata et col- "lecta ediderunt." *Quintil.*

His fable, ſubject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticiſe.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe,
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.

VARIATIONS.

¥. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticiſe.*] The Author after this verſe originally inſerted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had theſe been known, without a name
Had died, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The ſenſe of found antiquity had reign'd,
And ſacred Homer yet been unprophan'd;
None e'er had thought his comprehenſive mind
To modern cuſtoms, modern rules confin'd,
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

¥. 130. When firſt young Maro ſung of kings and wars,
Ere warning Phoebus touch'd his trembling ears.

IMITATIONS.

¥. 130. *When firſt young Maro*, &c.] *Virg.* Ecl. vi.

Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit.

It is a tradition preſerved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and deſcended firſt to imitate Theocritus on rural ſubjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign;
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;

NOTE.

v. 146. *If, where the rules,* &c.] "Neque enim rogati-
"onibus plebiſve ſcitis ſancta ſunt iſta praecepta, ſed hoc,
"quicquid eſt, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem ſic
"utile eſſe plerumque; verum ſi eadem illa nobis aliud ſua-
"debit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magiſtrorum autoritatibus,
"ſequemur." *Quintil.* lib. ii. cap. 13.

Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly:
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!

NOTES.

℣. 175. *A prudent chief,* &c.] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων—Dion. Hal. De ſtruct. orat.

℣. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] "Modeſte, et circumſpecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum eſt, ne (quod pleriſque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac ſi neceſſe eſt in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa diſplicere maluerim." *Quint.*

Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride:
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once bright Reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but, your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurpriſe
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!

So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky;
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' encreaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep:
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts:
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurpriſe,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

NOTE.

℣. 233. *A perfect judge*, &c.] "Diligenter legendum eſt "ac paene ad ſcribendi ſollicitudinem: Nec per partes "modo ſcrutanda ſunt omnia, ſed perlectus liber utique ex "integro reſumendus." *Quint.*

VARIATIONS.

℣. 225. So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The traveller beholds with chearful eyes
The leſs'ning vales, and ſeems to tread the ſkies.

No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due:
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit.
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays;
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice:
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
"Not ſo, by Heav'n, (he anſwers in a rage),
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit,
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill,—the ſtyle is excellent;
The ſenſe, they humbly take upon content.

NOTES.

℣. 285. *Thus Critics of leſs judgment than caprice,*
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice.] In theſe two lines the Poet finely deſcribes the way in which bad writers are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones.

℣. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,* &c.] This definition is very exact. Mr Locke had defined Wit to conſiſt "in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe to-"gether with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found "any reſemblance or congruity, whereby to make up plea-"ſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy."

"Naturam intueamur, hanc ſequamur: id facillime ac-"cipiunt animi quod agnoſcunt." *Quintil.* lib. viii. c. 3.

Words are like leaves, and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſa in the play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.

NOTES.

℣. 324. *Some by old words*, &c.] "Abolita et abrogata "retinere, inſolentiae cujuſdam eſt, et frivolae in parvis "jactantiae." *Quint.* lib. i. c. 6.

"Opus eſt, ut verba a vetuſtate repetita neque crebra ſint "neque manifeſta, quia nil eſt odioſius affectatione, nec "utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus ſum-"ma virtus eſt perſpicuitas, quam ſit vitioſa, ſi egeat inter-"prete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, "ita veterum maxime nova." Idem.

℣. 328. *Unlucky as Fungoſa*, &c.] See Ben Johnſon's Every Man in his Humour.

In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong;
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers through the trees:"
If chryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet, fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.

NOTES.

℣. 337. *But moſt by numbers*, &c.]

Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per laeve ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues: ſcit tendere verſum
Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno.
Perſ. Sat. i.

℣. 345. *Tho' oft the ear*, &c.] "Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quae vaſtam atque hiantem orationem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quint. lib. ix. c. 4.

Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:

NOTE.

℣. 374. *Hear how Timotheus'*, &c.] See Alexander's Feaſt, or the Power of Muſic; an Ode by Mr Dryden.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 366. *Soft is the ſtrain*, &c.]
Tum ſi laeta canunt, &c. Vida Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

℣. 368. *But when loud ſurges*, &c.]
Tum longe ſale ſaxa ſonant, &c. Vida ib. 388.

℣. 370. *When Ajax ſtrives*, &c.]
Atque ideo ſi quid geritur molimine magno, &c.
Vida ib. 417.

℣. 372. *Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla*, &c.]
At mora ſi fuerit damno, properare jubebo, &c.
Vida ib. 420.

Perſians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence;
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize;
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Though each may feel encreaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of author's names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality;
A conſtant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd, by being ſingular:
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools; ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'er-ſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, goſpel, all ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted.
Scotiſts and Thomiſts now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.

NOTE.

℣. 444. *Scotiſts.*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus.

If Faith itſelf has different dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And Authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as Fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaus:

NOTES.

℣. 444. *Thomiſts.*] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who was, in thoſe blind ages, the ſame in theology that Friar Bacon was in natural philoſophy: leſs happy than our own countryman in this, that he ſoon became ſurrounded with a number of dark gloſſers, who never left him till they had extinguiſhed the radiance of that light which had pierced through the thickeſt night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenſes were ſuppreſſed, and Wickliffe not yet riſen.

℣. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and ſecond-hand books were ſold formerly, near Smithfield.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 447. Between this and ver. 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladed Shakeſpeare's age,
No more with crambo entertain the ſtage.
Who now in Anagrams their patron praiſe,
Or ſing their Miſtreſs in Acroſtic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are baniſh'd to th' Hibernian ſhore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation ſafe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will Merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But, like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all even that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit ſo much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excel,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well.
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:

NOTE.

V. 547. The Author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *national reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever.

All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORAL's Critics ought to ſhow;
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.

Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure, own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.

'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſehoods do;
Men muſt be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.

'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

NOTE.

℣. 586. *And ſtares, tremendous,* &c.] This picture was taken to himſelf by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profeſſion, who, upon no other provocation, wrote againſt this Eſſay, and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic:

Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull:
Such, without wit, are Poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowſy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds, and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
Such ſhameleſs Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.

NOTE.

for as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it as a compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant to cauſe him to overlook this *Abuſe of his Perſon*,

With him, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools ruſh in where Angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?

NOTE.

℣. 619. *Garth did not write*, &c.] A common ſlander at that time in prejudice of that deſerving author. Our Poet did him this juſtice when that ſlander moſt prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the ſooner for this very verſe) dead and forgotten.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 623. between this and ver. 624.

In vain you ſhrug and ſweat, and ſtrive to fly;
Theſe know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
They'll ſtop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place.

Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong quotations.

NOTES.

Ver. 652. *Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.*] By this is not meant *phyſical* Nature, but *moral*.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 648 and 649, were the following lines, ſince ſuppreſſed by the Author:

That bold Columbus of the realm of wit,
Whoſe firſt diſcov'ry's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Maeonian Star,
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far.
He, when all Nature was ſubdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, ſigh'd, and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquiſh'd lay,
A boundleſs empire, and that own'd no ſway.
Poets, &c.

See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace;
But leſs to pleaſe the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licenſe repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts ſtill follow'd where her Eagles flew:
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.

NOTE.

Ver. 665. *See Dionyſius.*] Of Halicarnaſſus.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 690. and 691. the Author omitted theſe two:

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licenſe to be proud.

At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her Siſter Arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida! on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtore Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
" Nature's chief Maſterpiece is writing well."

NOTE.

℣. 723. *Such was the Muſe.*] *Eſſay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet was not the only one of his time

Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give;
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

NOTE.

who complimented this Eſſay, and its noble Author. Mr Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his Tranſlation of the Aeneid; and Dr Garth, in the firſt edition of his Diſpenſary, ſays,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

Though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried ſo high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an oppoſite in politics. The Duke was all his life a ſteady adherent to the Church of England party, yet an enemy to the extravagant meaſures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having ſtrongly patronized Mr Dryden, a coolneſs ſucceeded between them on that Poet's abſolute attachment to the Court, which carried him ſome lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of.

THE
RAPE
OF THE
LOCK.

AN

HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the year M. DCC. XII.

THE

RAPE

OF THE

LOCK

AN

HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the year M.DCC.XII.

TO

MRS ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this piece, ſince I dedicate it to you: yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a ſecret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookſeller, you had the good nature, for my ſake, to conſent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my deſign, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to ſignify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one reſpect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe Machines I determined to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicruſian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard words before a Lady; but it is ſo much the concern of a Poet to have his works underſtood, and particularly by your Sex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Roſicruſians are a people I muſt bring you acquainted with. The beſt account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and ſize, is ſo like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by miſtake. According to theſe gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The Gnomes, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in miſchief; but the Sylphs, whoſe habitation is in the air, are the beſt-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they ſay, any mortal may enjoy the moſt intimate familiarities with theſe gentle Spirits, upon a condition very eaſy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preſervation of Chaſtity.

As to the following Cantos, all the paſſages of them are as fabulous as the Viſion at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loſs of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human perſons are as fictitious as the Airy ones: and the character of Belinda, as it is managed, reſembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Perſon, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo uncenſured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

* Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. *Mart.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—This verſe to CARYL, Muſe! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view.

* It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or publiſhed at the Lady's requeſt. But there are ſome further circumſtances not unworthy relating. Mr Caryl (a gentleman who was ſecretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whoſe fortunes he followed into France, author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of ſeveral tranſlations in Dryden's Miſcellanies) originally propoſed the ſubject to him, with a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that had riſen between two noble families, thoſe of Lord Petre and of Mrs Fermor, on the trifling occaſion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author ſent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and ſhe took it ſo well as to give about copies of it. That firſt ſketch, (we learn from one of his Letters), was written in leſs than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was ſo printed; firſt, in a miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the author. But it was received ſo well, that he made it more conſiderable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We ſhall give the reader the pleaſure of ſeeing in what manner theſe additions were inſerted, ſo as to ſeem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Canto i. ver. 19, *&c.*

This inſertion he always eſteemed, and juſtly, the greateſt effort of his *ſkill* and *art* as a Poet.

Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If ſhe inſpire, and he approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day;
Now lap-dogs gave themſelves the rouzing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers juſt at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt:

NOTES.

℣. 19. *Belinda ſtill*, &c.] All the verſes from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

℣. 20. *Her guardian Sylph.*] When our author had projected to give this Poem its preſent form, he was obliged to find it with its machinery. And that ſort of Machinery which his judgment taught him was alone fit for his uſe, his admirable invention ſupplied. There was but one ſyſtem which was to his purpoſe, the *Roſicruſian Philoſophy*; and this, by the well directed effort of his imagination, he preſently ſeized upon. The fanatic Alchymiſts, in their

VARIATIONS.

℣. 11. 12. It was in the firſt editions,
And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then,
And lodge ſuch daring ſouls in little men?
℣. 13, *&c.* ſtood thus in the firſt edition,
Sol thro' white curtains did his beams diſplay,
And op'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhone than they;
Shock juſt had giv'n himſelf the rouſing ſhake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound.

'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.

Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one viſion touch'd thy infant-thought,
Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight-ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,

NOTES.

ſearch after the great ſecret, had invented a *means* altogether proportioned to their *end*. It was a heterogeneous kind of Theological Philoſophy, made up of almoſt equal mixtures of Pagan Platoniſm, Chriſtian Quietiſm, and the Jewiſh Cabbala. This general ſyſtem, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract, called *Le Compte de Gabalis*, a delicate and very ingenious piece of raillery of the Abbe Villiers, upon that inviſible ſect, of which the ſtories that went about that time made a great noiſe at Paris. But as, in this ſatirical dialogue, (for it is written in that form), Mr P. found ſeveral whimſies, of a very high myſterious kind, told of the nature of theſe elementary beings, which were very unfit to come into the machinery of ſuch a ſort of poem, he has, in their ſtead, made uſe of the Legendary ſtories of Guardian Angels, and the Nurſery Tales of the Fairies; which he has artfully accommodated to the reſt of the *Roſicruſian Syſtem*. And to this, (unleſs we will be ſo uncharitable to believe he intended to give a needleſs offence), we muſt ſuppoſe he referred, in theſe two lines:

If e'er one Viſion touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the *nurſe* and all the *prieſt* have taught.

Thus, by the moſt beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that as, in the ſerious Epic, the popular belief ſupports the Machinery; ſo, in his mock epic, the Machinery ſhould be contrived to diſmount philoſophic pride and arrogance.

Or virgins viſited by angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, though unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to thoſe of air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt Elements their ſouls retire:
The ſpirits of fiery Termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.

IMITATIONS.

V. 54, 55. ——quae gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitente
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.
Virg. Aen. vi.

The graver Prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Though Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnomes' embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, Your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

NOTES.

℣. 78. *Tho'* Honour *is the word with men below.*] Parody of Homer.

℣. 79. —*too conſcious of their face,*] *i. e.* too ſenſible of their beauty.

Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way;
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They ſhift the moving Toy-ſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirrour of thy ruling Star
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend;
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of Man!
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux;

NOTE.

℣. 108. *In the clear mirrour.*] The language of the Platoniſts, the writers of the intelligible world of ſpirits, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

℣. 101. Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Eaſeminax enſis, pede pes, et cuſpide cuſpis, *&c.*
Stat.

Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no ſooner read,
But all the viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears;
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears:

NOTE.

℣. 121. *And now, unveil'd*, &c.] The tranſlation of theſe verſes, containing the deſcription of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr Parnell, deſerve, for their humour, to be here inſerted.

" Et nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
" Emicat in menſa, quae ſplendet pyxide denſa:
" Tum primum lympha ſe purgat candida nympha;
" Jamque ſine menda, coeleſtis imago videnda,
" Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
" Haec ſtupet implorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
" Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
" Fertque tibi caute, dicatque ſuperbia! laute,
" Dona venuſta; oris, quae cunctis, plena laboris,
" Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
" Pyxide devota, ſe pandet hic India tota,
" Et tota ex iſta tranſpirat Arabia ciſta;
" Teſtudo hic flectit cum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
" Atque elephas lente, te pectit Leſbia dente;
" Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris,
" Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
" Spinula reſplendens aeris longo ordine pendens,
" Pulvis ſuavis odore et epiſtola ſuavis amore,
" Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
" Pulchrior in praeſens tempus de tempore creſcens
" Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratia viſus,
" Jam promit cultu, miracula latentia vultu;
" Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua purpura gliſcet,
" Et geminans bellis ſplendet mage fulgor ocellis.
" Stant Lemures muti, Nymphae intentique ſaluti,
" Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam;
" Haec manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
" Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiſſima Letty!
" Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum."

Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.
This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoiſe here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTE.

℣. 145. *The buſy Sylphs*, &c.] Ancient traditions of the Rabbis relate, that ſeveral of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particulariſe ſome; among the reſt Aſael, who lay with Naamah the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, ſtill preſides over the womens toilets. Bereſhi Rabbi, in Gen. vi. 2.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dreſs'd youths, around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.

VARIATIONS.

ỳ. 4. *Launch'd on the boſom*, &c.] From hence the Poem continues, in the firſt edition, to ver. 46.

The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air;

All after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurpriſe the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And Beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:
The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:

NOTES.

℣. 25. *With hairy ſpringes.*] In alluſion to Anacreon's manner.

℣. 28. —*with a ſingle hair.*] In alluſion to thoſe lines of Hudibras, applied to the ſame purpoſe:

And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 45. *The Pow'rs gave ear.*] *Virg.* Aen. xi.

While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dip'd in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.
Some, leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,

Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale:
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from rainbows, ere they drop in ſhow'rs,
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs:
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrap'd in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.

NOTE.

℣. 105. *Whether the nymph,* &c.] The trifle, which makes the ſubject of this Poem, being taken *ſeriouſly*, naturally led the Poet into this fine ſatire on the female eſtimate of human miſchances.

Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair;
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispiſſa, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in viols, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes ly,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Allum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

IMITATIONS.

℣. 119.——*clypei dominus ſeptemplicis Ajax.* Ovid.

℣. 121. ——*about the ſilver bound.*] In alluſion to the ſhield of Achilles.

Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living *ſilver* ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's *verge, and bound the whole.*

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the Nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a Court:
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt:
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang, that Jurymen may dine;

VARIATIONS.

℣. 1. *Cloſe by thoſe meads.*] The firſt edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

℣. 11, 12. Originally in the firſt edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they paſt,
Of who was bit, or who capotted laſt.

The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank he bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard:
And four fair Queens, whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four Knaves, in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.

NOTE.

℣. 47. *Now move to war*, &c.] The whole idea of this deſcription of a game at Ombre is taken from Vida's deſcription of a game at Cheſs, in his Poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 24. *And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added ſince the firſt edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd.

Spadillio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manilio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd; but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,

With like confuſion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye:
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: the King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The Nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to Fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:

VARIATIONS.

℣. 103. *Sudden the board*, &c.] From hence the firſt edition continues to ver. 134.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 101. Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futurae,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit. Virg.

From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill!
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So ladies, in Romance, aſſiſt their knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.

NOTE.

℣. 122. *and think of Scylla's fate!*] Vide Ovid. Met. viiii

VARIATIONS.

℣. 134. In the firſt edition it was thus:

As o'er the fragrant ſtream ſhe bends her head,
Firſt he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide
T' incloſe the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever. ℣. 154.

All that is between was added afterwards.

Swift to the Lock a thouſand ſprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought;
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind:
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again);
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying Heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt and painted fragments ly!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,

NOTE.

℣. 152. *But airy ſubſtance.*] See Milton, lib. iv. of Satan cut aſunder by the angel Michael.

As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What Time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to Fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hair ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted Steel?

NOTE.

℣. 165. *Atalantis.*] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court and Party-ſcandal; and in a looſe effeminacy of ſtyle and ſentiment, which well ſuited the debauched taſte of the better vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.
Virg.

℣. 177. Ille quoque everſus mons eſt, *&c.*

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant:
Catull. de com. Berenices.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive Nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.

For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 11. *For, that ſad moment,* &c.] All the lines from hence to the 94th verſe, that deſcribe the houſe of Spleen, are not in the firſt edition; inſtead of them followed only theſe:

While her rack'd ſoul repoſe and peace requires,
The fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fires.

and continued at the 94th verſe of this Canto.

IMITATIONS

℣. 1. At regina gravi, *&c. Virg.* Aen. iv.

No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows:
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons,
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride;
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.

A conſtant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;

Men prove with child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the Gnome thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the Pow'r——Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray:
A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complections at a loſing game:
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.

NOTE.

℣. 52. *And there a gooſe pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of diſtinction imagin'd herſelf in this condition.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks.*] See Homer's Iliad xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

A wond'rous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire,
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend.
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe;
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
"devil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be
"civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain:
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.

NOTE.

℣. 121. *Sir Plume repairs.*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the party who took the thing ſeriouſly. He was angry that the Poet ſhould make him talk nothing but nonſenſe; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 133. *But by this Lock.*] In alluſion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. i.

He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid:
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In myſtic viſions now believ'd too late!

NOTE.

℣. 141, 142. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo; He breaks the vial whence the ſorrows flow.*] Theſe two lines are additional; and aſſign the cauſe of the different operation on the paſſions of the two Ladies. The Poem went on before without that diſtinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the Canto.

See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what ev'n thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands,
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

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The long-contended honours of her head.
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And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands,
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the Nymph began.
Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?

VARIATIONS.

℣. 7. *Then grave Clariſſa*, &c.] A new character introduced in the ſubſequent editions, to open more clearly the *Moral* of the Poem, in a parody of the ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 9. *Say, why are Beauties*, &c.]

Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain;
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer Nectar crown'd,
Our feaſt enhanc'd with Muſic's ſprightly ſound;
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd;
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place:
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,

Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all muſt fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good humour ſtill, whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, Dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.

IMITATIONS.

Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate.
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and Death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay let us beſtow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſs and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapon in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes' arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blew Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:

NOTE.

℣. 45. *So when bold Homer.*] Homer, Il. xx.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the firſt edition goes on to the concluſion, except a very few ſhort inſertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the Poem.

℣. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel.*] Theſe four lines added, for the reaſon before mentioned.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 35. *So ſpoke the Dame.*] It is a verſe frequently repeated in Homer after any ſpeech.

So ſpoke——and all the heroes applauded.

℣. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel.*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulyſſes with the Suitors, in Odyſſ. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
While thro' the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lyes
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits againſt the Lady's hair:
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord, with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd;
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;

IMITATIONS.

℣. 64. *Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing.*] The words of a ſong in the Opera of Camilla.

℣. 65. *Thus on Maeander's flow'ry margin lyes.*]

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor. Ov. Ep.

The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great-great-grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:

VARIATIONS.

℣. 83. *The Gnomes direct.*] Theſe two lines added for the above reaſon.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 89. *The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck.*] In imitation of the progreſs of Agamemnon's ſceptre in Homer, Il. ii.

With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And Beaux' in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upwards riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view):
A ſudden Star, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.
This the Beau Monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;

NOTES.

℣. 114. *Since all things loſt.*] Vide Arioſto, Canto xxxiv.

℣. 137. *This Partridge ſoon.*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Stargazer, who in his Almanacs every year never failed to predict the downfal of the Pope and the King of France, then at war with the Engliſh.

And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd [hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt;
This Lock the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 131. *The Sylphs beheld.*] Theſe two lines added for the ſame reaſon, to keep in view the machinery of the Poem.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 128. Flammiferumque trahens ſpatioſo limite crinem
Stella micat. *Ovid.*

ELEGY

To the MEMORY of an UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſ'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres:

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verſes to a Lady deſigning to retire into a monaſtery, compared with Mr Pope's Letters to ſeveral Ladies, p. 206. quarto edition. She ſeems to be the ſame perſon whoſe unfortunate death is the ſubject of this Poem.

Like eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on thoſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!

What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſs'd,
And the green turf ly lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays:
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſ'neſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

MR ADDISON'S TRAGEDY

OF

CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your breaſt with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys,

A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd:
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Deſigned for Mrs OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear."
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights, and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend a night or ſo ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crouds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

THE ARGUMENT.

PHAON, a youth of exquiſite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tendereſt returns of paſſion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and ſailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loſs of her lover, hearkened to all the mad ſuggeſtions of deſpair; and ſeeing no other remedy for her preſent miſeries, reſolved to throw herſelf into the ſea, from Leucate a promontary of Epirus, which was thought a cure in caſes of obſtinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's leap. *But before ſhe ventured upon this laſt ſtep, entertaining ſtill ſome fond hopes that ſhe might be able to reclaim her inconſtant, ſhe wrote him this Epiſtle; in which ſhe gives a ſtrong picture of her diſtreſs and miſery, occaſioned by his abſence; and endeavours, by all the artful inſinuations and moving expreſſions ſhe is miſtreſs of, to ſooth him to ſoftneſs and a mutual feeling.* ANON.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric muſe:
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are born.
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!

ECQUID, ut inſpecta eſt ſtudioſæ littera dextræ,
Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes auctoris nomina Sapphus,
Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt; elegeïa flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lachrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoidos Ætnæ,
Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.

No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds,
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.

Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellæ,
Nec me Leſbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliæ centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.

The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Tho' great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inſpire:
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!

At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant:
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, conſors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eſt mihi; menſuram nominis ipſa fero.
Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cepheio Perſeo
Andromede, patriæ fuſca colore ſuæ:
Et variis albæ junguntur ſæpe columbæ,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, niſi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.
At me cum legeres, etiam formoſa videbar;
Unam jurabas uſque decere loqui.

Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love?
My Muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
'Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods! a Leſbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.

Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oſcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Hæc quoque laudabas: omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum præcipue, cum ſit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa voluptas,
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Leſbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum,
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ:
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.

And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parents aſhes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas! what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds glow;

Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva, tuæ.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quærit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quæ me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis:
Non agitur ventō noſtra carina ſuo.
Ecce jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.

Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
Ille mihi cultûs unicus auctor abeſt.
Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis;
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere Sorores,
Et data ſunt vitæ fila ſevera meæ;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, artesque magiſtræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat, quæ conſpicit omnia, Phœbe;
Juſſus erit ſomnos continuare Phaon.

Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you:)
Farewell, my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.

Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexiſſet eburno;
Sed videt et Marti poſſe placere ſuo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus, formoſe, relabere noſtros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur abortis:
Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes: Leſbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tuliſti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te pignus amantis habes.

No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopt my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes and triumphs in my tears,

Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe diſcedat, Amorem,
Perque Novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Cum mihi neſcio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui:
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Poſtquam ſe dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit ſciſſis exululare comis:
Non aliter quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet et e noſtro creſcit mœrore Charaxus
Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.

His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give and take:
Then fiercer joys, I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet, while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.

Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.
Sæpe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
Sæpe tuæ videor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.
Blandior interdum; veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Oſcula cognoſco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque conſuêras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, et ſine te non libet eſſe mihi.

But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the ſilent grove:
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.
I view the Grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.

At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, et omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque proſint.
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi ſcabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris inſtar erant.
Invenio ſylvam, quæ ſæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum ſylvæque, meumque.
Vile ſolum locus eſt: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preſſas noti mihi ceſpitis herbas:
De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.

For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds deſer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence ly,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.

A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below;
A flow'ry Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main.
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;

Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte ſilent.
Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem ſupra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero cæſpite terra viret.
Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas una meos:
Conſtitit, et dixit, "Quoniam non ignibus æquis
"Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.

" There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
" Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd:
" But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
" Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
" Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!

" Phœbus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit æquor:
" Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
" Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhæ ſuccenſus amore
" Miſit, et illæſo corpore preſſit aquas.
" Nec mora: verſus Amor tetigit lentiſſima Pyrrhæ
" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
" Hanc legem locus ille tenet: pete protinus altam
" Leucada; nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida ſurgo:
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
Ibimus, O Nymphæ, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
Sit procul inſano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito,
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.

And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood prophane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this inſcription ſhall be plac'd below:
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas! relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſs'd?

Tu quoque mollis Amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti:
Ne ſim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus et alter erunt.
" Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, ô ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc ſunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare ſolebas;
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi.

This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring;
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!

Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.
Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra eſt.
Leſbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Leſbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra;
Leſbides, infamem quæ me feciſtis amatæ;
Deſinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abſtulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miſeram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?

Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmoothe her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live or ceaſe to love!

Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præſtat eunti.
Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.
Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga,)
[O ſaltem miſeræ, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat;
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.

Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lyes:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains;
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone;

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs, nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclоſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where-e'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r:
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid:
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor with'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made!
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.

NOTE.

℣. 66. *And truths divine*, &c.] He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 75. Love will not be confin'd by Maiſterie:
When Maiſterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.
Chaucer.

Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aching in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe?
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lyes!
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me ly,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;
But ſuch plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days' eternal bound)
Thoſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)

NOTE.

℣. 133. *You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls;*] He founded the Monaſtery.

But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, my love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves, and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe;
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, Heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new:
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,—do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep:
"Obedient ſlumbers, that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.

NOTE.

V. 212. *Obedient ſlumbers*, &c.] Taken from Craſhaw.

For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals ſing;
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love:
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake: — no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain;

Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows;
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; religion diſapproves:
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloiſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the Matin lamp in ſighs for thee;
Thy image ſteals between my God and me:
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I ly,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;

Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows and thoſe tears,
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! O Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky;
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
"Come, ſiſter, come!" (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
"Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
"Even ſuperſtition loſes ev'ry fear:
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmoothe my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flowing ſoul!
Ah, no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloiſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when Fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round;
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,

NOTE.

V. 343. *May one kind grave,* &c.] Abelard and Eloiſa were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, ſhe 1163.

O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tear each other ſheds!
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks ly,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if Fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell!
The well-ſung woes will ſoothe my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of *Exerciſes*, while he was improving himſelf in the languages, and carried by his early bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in verſe than proſe. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from *Chaucer*. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of Engliſh Authors*, which follow, were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE

TEMPLE

OF

FAME.

Written in the Year M. DCC. XL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *Houſe of Fame*. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title. Wherever any hint is taken from him, the paſſage itſelf is ſet down in the marginal notes.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:

NOTE.

℣. 1. *In that ſoft ſeaſon*, &c.] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whoſe works were for the moſt part Viſions, or pieces of imagination, and conſtantly deſcriptive. From theſe, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the Trionfi of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower and the Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The Author of this therefore choſe the ſame ſort of exordium.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 11, &c.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of Chaucer, book ii.

Tho beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,

In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples riſe;
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide Proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile Time ſubdu'd;

IMITATIONS.

Now valeis, and now foreſtes,
And now unneth great beſtes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now ſhippes ſayling in the ſees.

v. 27. *High on a rock of Ice,* &c.] Chaucer's third book of *Fame.*

It ſtood upon ſo high a rock,
Higher ſtandeth none in Spayne—
What manner ſtone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glaſs,
But that it ſhone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niſte readily;
But at the laſt eſpied I,
And found that it was every dele
A rock of iſe, and not of ſtele.

Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:

IMITATIONS.

℣. 31. *Inſcriptions here,* &c.]
Tho ſaw I all the hilly grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well uneath might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede
They weren almoſt off-thawen ſo,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men ſaid, what may ever laſt?

℣. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd,* &c.]
Tho gan I in myne harte caſt,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with ſtormes beate.

℣. 45. *Yet part no injuries,* &c.]
For on that other ſide I ſey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As freſh as men had written hem there

The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From Time's firſt birth, with Time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.

NOTE.

℣. 65. *Four faces had the dome*, &c.] The temple is deſcribed to be ſquare, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The weſtern front is of Grecian architecture: The Doric order was peculiarly ſacred to Heroes and Worthies. Thoſe whoſe ſtatues are aftermentioned, were the firſt names of old Greece in arms and arts.

IMITATIONS.

The ſelf day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiſte what it made;
It was conſerved with the ſhade

Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.

Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil:
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.

The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.

NOTE.

℣. 81. *There great Alcides*, &c.] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the poſition of the famous ſtatue of Farneſe.

IMITATIONS.

(All the writing that I ſye)
Of the caſtle that ſtood on high,
And ſtood eke in ſo cold a place,
That heat might it not deface.

There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand:
The ſage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's Prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:

NOTES.

℣. 96. *And the great founder of the Perſian name.*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Perſian, as Ninus was of the Aſſyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaſter) employed their ſtudies upon magic and aſtrology, which was in a manner almoſt all the learning of the ancient Aſian people. We have ſcarce any account of a moral philoſopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chineſe, who lived about two thouſand years ago.

℣. 110. *Egypt's Prieſts*, &c.] The learning of the old Egyptian prieſts conſiſted for the moſt part in geometry and aſtronomy: they alſo preſerved the hiſtory of their nation. Their greateſt hero upon record is Seſoſtris, whoſe actions and conqueſts may be ſeen at large in Diodorus, *&c.* He is ſaid to have cauſed the kings he vanquiſhed to draw him in his chariot. The poſture of his ſtatue, in theſe verſes, is correſpondent to the deſcription which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

His hands a bow and painted jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung),
And youths that died to be by Poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:

NOTES.

℣. 119. *Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide.*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obſcure than that of the reſt; Zamolxis was the diſciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the ſoul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legiſlator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being ſubject to fits, he perſuaded his followers, that during thoſe trances he received inſpirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is ſaid to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.

℣. 127. *Druids and Bards*, &c.] Theſe were the prieſts and poets of thoſe people, ſo celebrated for their ſavage virtue. Thoſe heroic barbarians accounted it a diſhonour to die in their beds, and ruſhed on to certain death in the proſpect of an after-life, and for the glory of a ſong from their bards in praiſe of their actions.

Nor void of Emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold:
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold;
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian God.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.

NOTE.

℣. 152. *The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd.*] Alexander the Great. The Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Aſian princes: his deſire to be thought the ſon of Jupiter Ammon, cauſed him to wear the horns of that God, and to repreſent the ſame upon his coins; which was continued by ſeveral of his ſucceſſors.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 132. *The wall in luſtre, &c.*

It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the ſhell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd Choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;

NOTES.

℣. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood.*] Timoleon had ſaved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

℣. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens*, &c.] Ariſtides, who for his great integrity was diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *the Juſt*. When his countrymen would have baniſhed him by the Oſtraciſm, where it was the cuſtom for every man to ſign the name of the perſon he voted to exile in an Oyſter-ſhell; a peaſant, who could not write, came to Ariſtides to do it for him, who readily ſigned his own name.

℣. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd Choir*, &c.] In the midſt of the temple, neareſt the throne of Fame, are placed the greateſt names in learning of all antiquity.

Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire;
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;

NOTE.

Theſe are deſcribed in ſuch attitudes as expreſs their different characters; the columns on which they are raiſed are adorned with ſculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking ſubjects of their works; which ſculpture bears a reſemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 179. *Six pompous columns*, &c.]

From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that ſhone not full clere, *&c.*
Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the ſect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Joſephus the old, *&c.*
Upon an iron pillere ſtrong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholoſan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, *&c.*

Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.

NOTE.

℣. 210. *Four ſwans*, &c.] Pindar being ſeated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The ſwans are emblems of poetry, their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune preſided over the Iſthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 182.]
Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, *&c.*

℣. 196, *&c.*]
There ſaw I ſtand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pius Aeneas.
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
That hath ſowen wond'rous wide
The great God of Love's fame—

Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.

IMITATIONS.

Tho ſaw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full ſternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his ſhoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might ſee,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere ſtode
Of ſulphure, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, ſothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

℣. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe—The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.*] This expreſſes the mix'd character of the odes of Horace: the ſecond of theſe verſes alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiae tenuem camoenae.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

The action of the Doves hints at a paſſage in the fourth ode of his third book.

Me fabuloſae Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliae,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et urſis; ut premerer ſacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non ſine Diis animoſus infans.

The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves, that round the infant Poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.
Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone;
The Roman Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aching ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,

IMITATIONS.

Which may be thus Engliſhed;

While yet a child, I chanc'd to ſtray,
And in a deſart ſleeping lay;
The ſavage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muſe's future bard;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and Bays around me ſpread,
And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
Sacred to Muſic and to Love.

Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam;
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize the more I gaz'd,
'Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Viſtas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iſles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the goddeſs bears,
A thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;

IMITATIONS.

℣. 259. *Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature, &c.*]

Methought that ſhe was ſo lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than ſhe ſeemed be;
But thus ſoone in a while ſhe,
Herſelfe tho wonderly ſtraight,
That with her feet ſhe the earth reight,
And with her head ſhe touchyd heaven——

℣. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd,* &c.]

I heard about her throne y-ſung
That all the palays walls rung,
So ſung the mighty Muſe, ſhe
That cleped is Calliope,
And her ſeven ſiſters eke——

With Time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.

IMITATIONS.

ỳ. 276. *Around theſe wonders*, &c.]

I heard a noiſe approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Againſt her time of out-flying;
Right ſuch a manere murmuring,
For all the world it ſeemed me.
Tho gan I look about and ſee
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of ſundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, *&c.*

ỳ. 294. *Some ſhe diſgrac'd*, &c.]

And ſome of them ſhe granted ſone,
And ſome ſhe warned well and fair,
And ſome ſhe granted the contrair——

Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiſcerning ſcatters crowns and chains.
Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne;
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.
The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around:
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter, as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs'd the ſacred fane:

IMITATIONS.

Right as her ſiſter dame Fortune
Is wont to ſerve in commune.

ỳ. 318. —*the good and juſt*, &c.]

Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And ſaiden: We ben everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deſerved Fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame), but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Prefer the fame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenor of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtraight the direful Trump of Slander ſounds:
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.

IMITATIONS.

I grant, quoth ſhe, for now we liſt
That your good works ſhall be wiſt.
And yet ye ſhall have better loos,
Right in deſpite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth ſhe) thy trump gone——
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth ſmel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a baſket full of roſes.——

℣. 328,—338.——*behold another croud*, &c.——*From the black trumpet's ruſty*, &c.]

Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye
Of good folke——
What did this Eolus, but he
Took out his trump of braſs,
That fouler than the devil was:

From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own;
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.

IMITATIONS.

And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world ſhould overthrowe.
Throughoute every regione
Went this foul trumpet's ſoune,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And ſuch a ſmoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's end—*&c.*

Ver. 356. *Then came the ſmalleſt*, &c.]

I ſaw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they beſoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And ſaid, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne ſuch renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean from heav'n to hear:
To furtheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.

IMITATIONS.

And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth ſhe, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye deſpite to have my name?
Nay ye ſhall lien everichone:
Blow thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth ſhe) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring theſe folkes works by rote,
That all the world may of it heare;
And he can blow their loos ſo cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the ſoune,
All ſo windly, and eke ſo ſoft,
That their fame was blown aloft.

Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd every maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents; the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What, you, (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound;
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,

IMITATIONS.

ỿ. 378. *Next theſe a youthful train,* &c.] The reader might compare theſe twenty-eight lines following, which contains the ſame matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the ſixth companye,
And gan faſt to Fame cry, *&c.*

being too prolix to be here inſerted.

Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the croud.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On ſov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled Nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 406. *Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty*, &c.]

Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, *&c.*

℣. 418. *This having heard and ſeen*, &c.] The ſcene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho ſaw I ſtonde in a valey,
Under the caſtle faſt by
A houſe, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made ſo wonderly, I wis,
Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as ſwift as thought,
This queint houſe about went,
That never more it ſtill ſtent—
And eke this houſe hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees
In Summer, when they bene grene;
And in the roof yet men may ſene

Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air:
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound:
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:

IMITATIONS.

A thouſand hoels and well mo
To letten the ſoune out go;
And by day in every tide
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unſhet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never reſt is in that place.

Ver. 428. *As flames by nature to the*, &c.] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no leſs than one hundred and twenty verſes, beginning thus,

Geffray, thou wotteſt well this, &c.

Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of Fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

IMITATIONS.

℣. 448. *There various news I heard,* &c.]
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
Of loſs of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
Of divers tranſmutations
Of eſtates and eke of regions,
Of truſt, of drede, of jealouſy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly.
Of good or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident,

℣. 458. *Above, below, without, within,* &c.]
But ſuch a great congregation
Of folke as I ſaw roam about,
Some within, and ſome without,
Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft—

Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and fantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few,
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance:
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,

IMITATIONS.

And every wight that I ſaw there
Rowned everich in other's ear
A new tyding privily,
Or elſe he told it openly
Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
That is betide to night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what;
And then he told him this and that, &c.
——Thus north and ſouth
Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
And that increaſing evermo;
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
Till all the cittee brent up is.

Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lie;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?

NOTE.

℣. 497. *While thus I ſtood*, &c.] The hint is taken from a paſſage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the concluſion, with the addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In Chaucer he only anſwers, "he came to "ſee the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being ſurpriſed at the ſight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 489. *There, at one paſſage*, &c.]

And ſometimes I ſaw there at once,
A leſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace——
And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe, &c.

'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in other's breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice;
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then, teach me, Heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe.
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh grant an honeſt Fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY

AND

MAY:

OR, THE

MERCHANT's TALE.

FROM

CHAUCER.

JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bleſt with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace;
Yet, led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites:
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.
But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more;
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly Pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once ere he dy'd to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors ſay and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:

NOTE.

January and May.] This Tranſlation was done at fixteen or ſeventeen years of Age.

But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and, free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt:
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and Heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what ſo pure, which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the Fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night invaſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort our eternal wife
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:

This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſt,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſt,
With mournful looks the blifsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
A wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th' Aſſyrian foe;
At Heſter's ſuit, the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
Theſe weighty motives, January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and ſober life,
Would try that Chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were ſummon'd, on a point ſo nice
To paſs their judgment and to give advice:
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am haſt'ning to my end:
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;

But gracious Heav'n has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face;
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for bachelors to wed;
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die.
O were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the Pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:

Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by Heav'n's conſent, and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may),
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue loſt, tho' time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below:
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid: the reſt in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd,
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous poſitive, and wond'rous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.
Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone),
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice;
But, with the Wiſe Man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt
As ſtill I hold your old advice the beſt.
Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;

And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to man;
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good.
Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With rev'rend dulneſs and grave impotence.

Juſtin, who ſilent ſat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philoſophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the firſt degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had ſenſe as well as we),
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous principles, and juſt.
The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in womankind:

But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind Fates, and thank your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And, ſpite of all his praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear;
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife:
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in age:
But at theſe years, to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heath'niſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each in his own opinion went his way;

With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his ſoul employ.
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome public Forum fix'd on high,
A mirror ſhows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This Lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue, bleſt;
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;

Chaſte, tho' not rich; and, tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe:
And thank the pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: full oft I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.
This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your buſineſs to a hair;
Not ev'n in wiſh your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ;

Let Reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better chear;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents you may think would ſoon comply;
The Old have int'reſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the Fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And, plac'd in ſtate, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whoſe ſprightly train
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day:
The joys are ſuch as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.

The beauteous dame ſat ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian King:
Bright as the riſing ſun, in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry Pow'r
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Mean-time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumph, ſigh'd for pain;

Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely Miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him ly; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts, and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſip'd his cordial as he ſat upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry labour muſt have reſt at laſt.

But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſt,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell:
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the ſun),
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy Lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gently May;
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from Chance, or Nature's pow'r proceed;

Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame:
Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your ſex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of humankind:
Our Knight (who ſtudied much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt Bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground
A cryſtal fountain ſpreads its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient Fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light ſports purſue;
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled thro' the ſhade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure and peculiar care);
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this ſweet place, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and bus'neſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly May.
For, whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden ſped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure?
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.
Full oft in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fix'd ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain:
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.

Ah! gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear:
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you shall hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play;
He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmers tell the trees their pain;
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart:
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian ſtraight a ſign ſhe made,
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd, he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather would I chuſe, by Heav'n above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhewn,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindneſs rob me of delight.
Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my lady, and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And, laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light, by Heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,

From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who that once poſſeſs'd thoſe heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment abſent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and May with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:)
Heav'n knows (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band:
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:
First may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy?
This chime ſtill rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian kneeling, worſhip'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his place;

The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.
'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs thro' the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden-ſide,
And in the midſt their Monarch and his Bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid, Of all mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find;
But ſhould thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;

As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.
And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear:
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
What tho' this bland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one?
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.
But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?

By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone,
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has ſaid?
What tho' this King (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hoſts?
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whoſe reign indulgent God, ſays holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;
David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak:
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heav'n thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt, and will oppoſe.
Nay, (quoth the King), dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again ſhould ſee,
It muſt be done—I am a King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been.
And ſo has mine (ſhe ſaid)—I am a Queen:
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make.
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic ſtrain,
And to the Knight our ſtory turns again:
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:

This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing; Oh good Gods! ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide?
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt Lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die?
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for Charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that, his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſei'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.
Now, prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.

Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there?
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the knight.)
So Heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may Hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal Pow'rs it *ſeem'd* too plain—
By all thoſe Pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they liſt, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er:
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw;
By Heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
The duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day.
So juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange fantoms dance around, and ſkim before your ſight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more;
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE of BATH HER PROLOGUE. FROM CHAUCER.

THE

WIFE of BATH.

FROM

CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive Huſbands from the Church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the Scripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
" Encreaſe and multiply," was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, " Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
" And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myſelf full many a merry fit;
And truſt in Heav'n I may have many yet.

For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The ſame apoſtle too has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.
I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am not ſo nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, ſo am not I.
Full many a Saint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted Maid, in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by Heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul's a ſound divine.
Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.

The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more Pleaſure far than they had Eaſe.
Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old:
If I but ſmil'd, a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye ſov'reign wives! give ear and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command;
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie ſo boldly as we women can:
Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?
If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair;
Cry, wives are falſe, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe:
If highly born, intolerably vain.
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain;
Now gayly mad, now ſourly ſplenetic,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe's ſick.

If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide:
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo grey, but ſoon or late
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with, My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complection muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lies.
On Jenkin too you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice, ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?

Sir, I'm no fool; nor ſhall you, by St John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit, in ſpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay.
The Cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;
But once grown ſleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun:
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To ſhew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told 'em, Thus you ſay, and thus you do;
I told 'em falſe, but Jenkin ſwore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite, as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.

Heav'n gave to women the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no tarſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curſes oft I mix'd,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke,
" Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look?
" Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,
" Well ſhould you practiſe, who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.
" One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.

" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why, take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what Nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
" What means my dear?—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life,
A very woman, and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days:
Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure as cold engenders hail,
A liq'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid.—As how? you'll ſay;
Not with my body, in a filthy way;
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage and frantic jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lyes buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood:
A tomb, indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd,
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul, I ſay no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one dame Aliſon.
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh-prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal,
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.

It ſo befel, in holy time of Lent,
That of a day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town;)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Maſquerade,
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At ſermons too I ſhone in ſcarlet gay;
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſom yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.

We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
I vow'd, I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have ſhown.
All this I ſaid; but dreams, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſt, as wretched widows—muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of Tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance, and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation,
I follow'd alwaysmy own inclination.

But to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it ſtill:
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once, by Heav'n, he ſtruck me on the face!
Hear but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any Lioneſs was I;
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo, in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And cloſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he ſay, who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And ſo do numbers more I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain Treatiſe oft at ev'ning read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound:
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloiſa's Loves;
And many more than ſure the Church approves.

More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs,
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where Learning lyes,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars, who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen:
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)

It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this Book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid.
But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame
And Huſband-bull—oh monſtrous, fie for ſhame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the ſage he threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he ſaid.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.

Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt blifsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.
Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face;
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life;

I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n on all my huſbands gone, beſtow
Pleaſures above, for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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30 OCT 73